

THE CLASSMATE

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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THOMAS B. NEELY, D.D.,
EDITOR.

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CHAPTER VII.—THE ARCHBISHOP.

HILDEGARDE'S joyful cries awakened the lads, who gravely rose to meet the coming trial. Even the child's delight over their return could not dispel the anxiety that each was trying to hide from the rest. At length, having carefully removed the dust of travel from his garments, Godfrey wrapped the precious ruby in a scrap of silk and seized his cap. Wulf rose also.

"I go with thee," he said, decidedly. If ill should come to thee I may be of use. The Duke of Rothenfels—" but Godfrey waved him back.

"Nay," he said, firmly; "here must I stand alone, and the consequences of my sin I am ready to bear."

For once Wulf was powerless to protest. He could only wait with Frau Mathilde, marking the slow passage of the minutes as they grew to hours, by the shifting of the sunshine on the floor. And, as they waited, Wulf's forehead was knit with anxious thought that did not wholly concern Godfrey.

Meanwhile, Godfrey had hurried on his way to the church and monastery of St. Pantaleon. To his surprise, those who greeted him had no word of blame or jest at his expense, though he still wore the cross of the crusaders. The city was still thronged with pilgrims, for another host, under the banner of another leader, was now assembling, and it was taken for granted that he was one of that band. Insensibly, his step grew lighter as he perceived that he was to be spared the cruel sting of mockery. With a determined face he lifted the knocker on the monastery door and let it fall with a clang.

After an interval of impatient waiting a wicket was opened in the door, and a pale face looked out. "What wouldst thou?" asked a melancholy voice.

"I would have word with the archbishop," Godfrey declared, boldly, though his heart beat uncomfortably.

There was an astonished pause, then the door was opened grudgingly, and Godfrey stepped into a damp, stone-paved hall.

"What saidst thou?" the monk asked, incredulously.

"I would see the archbishop," Godfrey said, proudly. "I was told to seek him here."

"Yes," the monk said, unwillingly. "The archbishop is in the monastery but it is not for such as thou to approach him."

"I have something of importance to give him," Godfrey persisted. A gleam awoke in the narrow eyes.

"Perchance thou bringest the ruby," the monk said, eagerly. "If so, deliver it to me."

But Godfrey strenuously held his ground. "I must deliver it to the archbishop myself," he declared; for, though an easy opening from the consequence of his sin was now afforded, in the sincerity of his repentance, he put it from him.

"With whom art thou speaking, Brother Sebastian," came a kindly voice from beyond the corridor; and a thick-set figure, in the brown robe of the order, stood in the door that gave entrance upon the cloister.

"Tis a lad who desires audience with the archbishop," the door-keeper complained. "He brings the missing ruby, but he refuses to give it up."

The ample figure bore down upon them. "Didst thou offer the reward?" the newcomer asked, with a twinkle in his eye;

but at sight of Godfrey's face he changed his tone.

"Come with me," he said courteously, "and, if possible, an audience shall be granted thee."

Following close upon his heels Godfrey passed out into the cloister, now ablaze with sunlight, and, skirting the inclosed garden on two sides, plunged once more into the chill atmosphere of the monastery.

"Wait here until I bring thee word," the brother said, then left him in a bleak and cheerless room, with only an occasional oaken bench to relieve its barrenness. A narrow grating let in a glimpse of the riotous green of the garden, but the sunshine would not find entrance until late



"WHAT PENALTY DOST THOU EXPECT FOR THY FAULT?"

afternoon. Depressed by his surroundings, Godfrey waited with what patience he could muster. His thoughts reverted to the host of children, winding along through the wilderness with faces set toward the Mediterranean—how distant none could say. His heart sank as he realized how hopeless it would be to try to overtake them, should this day be lost. This day? Nay, what warrant had he to think that freedom might lie within his grasp, once his story had been told. He grew pale at remembrance of whispered tales concerning those who had offended against the Church.

Resolutely banishing these gloomy visions, his thoughts reverted to Wulf. Had he, then, robbed him of his cherished hope? Even if he could have no part in the redemption of the Holy Sepulcher must Wulf be denied? Then he remembered the gathering pilgrims and his heart was comforted.

Still he waited. The vaulted room was as still as death; its chill crept slowly into his veins. If anything befell him what would it mean to his mother—for so he called her, in his heart, having never known another. She would be brave, as when she bade him Godspeed—was it only yesterday? Brave—ah, yes! But a swift remembrance of the figure bowed in the twilight forced the tears to his eyes. Was

he so necessary to her happiness? Nay, he knew it to be so. What then?

The shuffle of sandaled feet startled him, and he sprang up as the friendly brother stood in the door. "The archbishop has deigned to receive thee," he said, unctuously. "Follow me."

Along the echoing halls and up a flight of stone steps they passed, then down another corridor until, on the threshold of a large room lighted by long windows, his guide paused.

"Enter," said a grave, authoritative voice; and Godfrey found himself gently pushed inside, when the door was softly closed. On the farther side of the room, in a large and richly carved chair, sat the archbishop, his robes sweeping about him. It was the face that was turned upon him, however, that held Godfrey's attention, and after a moment's hesitation he crossed the intervening space, then bent and kissed the hand presented to his lips.

"Thou wouldst have word with me?" asked the grave voice, but the tone was also kindly.

"I know not how to address an archbishop," Godfrey stammered, "but I thank thee for granting me permission to speak."

A half smile crept into the eyes of the prelate. "Speak on," he said, pleased with

palm extended the ruby to its owner. For the last time it gleamed and glowed, a drop of glorious color, within his grasp; but now it had no charm for him, and as the archbishop took it between thumb and finger Godfrey impulsively rubbed the palm of his hand against his knee, as though to free it from defilement.

"What penalty dost thou expect for thy fault?" the archbishop asked, sternly, crowding back an inclination to smile at the gesture.

"Whatever seems right in thy sight," was the quick answer, and the young head was proudly lifted.

Then Godfrey was taken by surprise, for a very gentle smile transformed the stern features, and the prelate said:

"My lad, thy punishment hath been sufficient for thy fault."

Two tears overflowed, unexpectedly, and rolled down Godfrey's cheeks. Bitterly ashamed of the weakness, he hastily knelt to kiss, with hearty fervor, the hand again extended to him.

"Thou hast not asked for the reward," the archbishop said, slyly. "Nay—I beg thy pardon, for well I know reward would be but insult. I would that such as thou could be spared this madness that hath possessed the land," he added, regretfully, then sank into reverie as Godfrey softly withdrew.

Once without the walls of St. Pantaleon joy lent wings to his heels. He could have sung aloud with gladness, such a weight had rolled from his heart. Many looked after the young pilgrim, but Godfrey was blind to curious faces, his thought upon the joy that he would bring to those who awaited his return with fear. Then the recollection of the near parting swept down upon him, and he stopped abruptly. Again he heard the mother's cry, "My Godfrey! my Godfrey!" and suddenly he began to run.

The little group were on the watch, and as he flashed into view Wulf sprang to meet him. For a moment they stood and looked at each other with faces moved by strong purpose, all that had just transpired forgotten; then Godfrey first found tongue.

"Thou must go forth again without me, Wulf," he said, and his voice trembled. "I cannot leave my mother again to sorrow."

A flashing smile lit up Wulf's face, contending with the quiver of his lips. "I have been thinking," he said, quietly, "of my mother, as she sits in the oriel window, and, while my father rides with the emperor, my place is there."

And, with their thoughts again with the band of pilgrims still toiling toward the sea, but with a great peace in their hearts, they ran to make the foster mother thrice glad.

Months later the armorer's apprentice and the duke's son, linked arm in arm, stood spellbound on the spot where Nicholas had announced his mission listening to a bitter tale. The speaker, with worn face whereon the horrors of icy gorge and tempest-swept peaks, of sun-blistered plains and fever-smitten swamps, had left their record, still wore the tattered fragments of a long gray coat with a faded cross upon the breast. At the look in his eyes the lads instinctively draw closer together; for from them looked the bitterness of a blasted hope and of a shattered faith.

"Had it not been for the archbishop's ruby, such might have been our lot," Wulf whispered.

"It was the saving grace of the Lord Jesus," Godfrey said, reverently baring his head.

THE END.

Give What You Have.

PEOPLE say to me: "Well, what can I do for the crowd? I haven't anything. I cannot preach, and I have no gift." Well, will you give the Master what you have?

I well remember in some special services some years ago at home a woman came to me at the close of the first Sunday morning service and said: "O, I would give anything to be in this work actively and actually. I would give anything to have some living part in the work which is going on here next week in winning men and women for Christ, but I don't know what to do."

I said, "My sister, are you prepared to give the Master the 'five loaves and two fishes' you possess?"

She said, "I don't know that I have five loaves and two fishes."

I said, "Have you anything which stands out at all in your life? Have you anything you have used in any way specially?"

No, she didn't think she had.

"Well," I said, "can you sing?"

"Well, yes," she said, "I sing at home, and I have sung before now in an entertainment."

"Well, now," I said, "come away. Let us put our hands on that. Will you give the Lord your voice for the next ten days? You shall settle with him at the end as to what you do then, but will you let the Master have your voice for the next ten days?"

She said, "I don't think I can."

I said, "You can sing at an entertainment—can't you sing in order to fill hungry men?"

She said, "I will."

And I shall never forget that Sunday evening I asked her to sing, and she sang. She sang a Gospel message with the voice she had, feeling that it was a poor, worthless thing, and that night there came out of that meeting into the inquiry room one man. I had been staying with that man within the last three months. That man said to me afterward that it was the Gospel that was sung which reached his heart; and from that day to this—that is now eleven or twelve years ago—that man has been one of the mightiest workers for God in that city and that country I have ever known.

How was it done? A woman gave the Master what she had, and he put his hand upon it and blessed it, and then she had to take it, and used it, and the harvest was reaped right there, and has been going on ever since. Will you give him what you have? You business men, you have business ability. O, that the business men in the Church of Jesus Christ would bring to bear upon the things of God the same business capacity they put into their own affairs all the days of the week! Will you give what you have to the Master?—G. Campbell Morgan.

Old Higgins.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

THE Green Orange Grove and Improvement Company, advertised to clear land, set trees, care for groves, and do all necessary work for non-residents, was about to go out of existence. John Green, its head, had already accepted a position as purser on a Clyde steamer running between New York and Jacksonville; and Abner Green, the rest of the company, was going back to Wisconsin to resume his occupation of teller in a village bank. The fifteen or twenty discharged employees had scattered in various directions in search of work, generally toward the North, for Florida was just now filled with an army of idle men with no chance for employment.

For almost the first time in the three days since the great freeze the brothers were together in their office. John, usually so energetic and busy, now tapped idly upon his desk with a pencil; Abner stood by a window and gazed out across the blackened squares and parallelograms of orange trees, some not more than two or three feet high, and others melancholy with their first crop of fruit frozen upon the branches. Here and there were the scattered, unpainted houses of residents; and just below, on the same street, the half dozen stores of the enterprising merchants who were already advertising their goods below cost, preparatory to closing out and going away. Less than a mile distant was the dark, irregular line of pine forest, driven implacably back during the past few years, but now waiting grim and motionless, as though meditating closing in and regaining what it had lost.

Abner turned away with a shiver. He and his brother had been very successful in their Florida venture; but their success was represented by some of those blackened parallelograms, now worth less than the wild land they had purchased seven years before.

During the past three days they had made a careful, unprejudiced study of the situation, and had decided that it would be best for them to go away; they could earn more and reestablish themselves sooner than by staying here. Later, perhaps, when the natural elasticity of the State caused matters to rebound for the better, they might return. Of the hundred or more orange groves they had had charge of, not one piece of work was likely to remain. None of the owners would care to throw good money after bad.

Suddenly John tossed his pencil upon the desk and rose to his feet.

"No use wasting more time on the past," he said, decisively. "What we have to do with now is the future."

"Yes," agreed Abner, promptly; "and I've been thinking you'll have to start for Jacksonville to-morrow if you wish to reach your boat in time for her next trip. As for me, there isn't quite so much hurry."

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked his desk, taking out a package of letters.

"I suppose it will be just as well for one of us to remain until everything is rounded up smoothly," he said. "I've already written to our correspondents about the loss. But there's another thing," hesitatingly, "don't you think it rather hard on them after they have paid out so much on their groves and lost it, to have to pay us for work that does them no good? Suppose we write to them that we are willing to call the thing square?"

John shook his head.

"Won't do at all," he declared. "Most of them are comfortably well off, and can afford their loss better than we can. Besides, we have bills here and need the money to square them. I don't quite like the idea of selling our mules and wagons and tools just now. We could only get a fraction of their value; and, besides, I am looking forward to coming back after a year or two. The country will have recovered from the shock by then, and business confidence will be restored. Only we won't intrust all our profits to orange groves again, but divide them so as to avoid another catastrophe like this." He paused, and then added, as though in concession to Abner's proposal: "There's the old woman who pays us in small monthly installments, and the clerk in Cincinnati, and the two school teachers. I don't suppose they have much money to spare. You might send them receipts, and advise them on no account to sell their lands."

"Why not?" asked Abner, with some surprise.

"Because they would get very little, and when we return with money enough to make a new start, we can reset their groves and charge them the bare cost only. This freeze is only going to be a temporary check to the orange industry. But have you seen Dave this morning?"

"Yes," said his father was thinking of moving away in search of work."

John laughed, skeptically.

"In search of a dramshop, more likely. We've offered him work time out of mind, and when he hasn't made some excuse for not accepting he has only worked a day or two, at most. If it wasn't for Dave the poor, shiftless toper would often go hungry."

"I know it—poor fellow!" Then, in answer to the derisive smile on John's face, he went on, apologetically: "I've never regarded old Higgins in quite the same light as the rest of you. He's worthless enough, granted; but it seems to me we are more eager to hold him down than to help him rise. You know how it has been here; all the men, even the negroes, have openly derided him. Call a thing a dog, and it's pretty apt to be one. Higgins seems to have been born without that spur to ambition, a backbone; and, besides, he still prides himself on having been a gentleman in some far-off stage of his life. These two things alone are enough to destroy an ordinary man; but, in addition to them, Higgins is still twitted about some obscure disgrace which has followed him down from Georgia. Got drunk and neglected an important trust, I believe. During the six years he has been here, I have never seen a man shake hands with him or offer him any consideration whatever. Sometimes I have wondered how he would act if he were treated courteously, as an equal; or, better still, if he were given a position that implied confidence and respect."

John still looked incredulous, but the smile had left his face.

"Who knows," he said, thoughtfully; "it is a queer world, very full of queer people. I can shake hands with an honest negro, and greet him heartily, but I draw the line

at a man like Higgins. Hello! yonder comes Dave now," glancing from the window, and then rising hastily and moving toward the door. "We must make some arrangement with him to-day."

"About taking care of the mules and wagons, I suppose?"

"Yes, he is the best person we can get for the work. With Dave in charge I would feel as safe as though I were here myself. Besides, he is only a boy, and would not expect a high salary. We cannot afford to pay out much just now."

Abner looked doubtful.

"All very good if Dave would agree to it," he said; "but you know how the boy is about his father. If old Higgins moves away Dave is going to move away too. Whatever the old man may be to the world in general, he is everything to the boy. You understand that, of course?"

"Yes," irritably; "but what are we to do? We have been counting on Dave as a sure thing."

"We can't count on him without including the old man." Then he stepped forward quickly and placed a hand upon his brother's shoulder, for now a brisk step was heard coming up the sidewalk toward the door. "Leave this to me, John," he urged, lowering his voice. "I believe I can bring it around all right. Anyhow, give me a chance to try my idea."

"All right. Come in, Dave," in answer to a low tap.

The door opened, and a strong, well-built boy of sixteen or seventeen entered.

"I've come to say good-bye, Mr. John and Mr. Abner," he said, with evident regret in his voice. "I've brought up the saw an' hammer pap borrowed, an' pap he's goin' to bring up the other things in a few minutes. He was jest startin' when I left. Then we're goin' to pack our goods an' carry 'em to Orlando."

"O no, I guess not, Dave," retorted Abner, good-naturedly; "we're making different arrangements for you. Somebody's needed to look after our mules and wagons and things, and we've decided that you're the one we want."

The boy's face lighted with wondering, almost incredulous joy; then drooped with the recollection of hard reality.

"I'm ter'ble sorry, Mr. Abner an' Mr. John," he said, striving in vain to keep his voice steady and unconcerned; "but pap's 'lowin' we must be movin' on. We've stayed here a right long spell now."

"But he's no call to be dragging you off to Orlando," broke in John, sharply. "You're better off here. You've got five acres of land almost paid for, and in another year you can clear it and set out trees. Your father—"

The boy straightened suddenly.

"Pap knows best," he said, his voice growing steady and his gaze direct; "he 'lows folks are gettin' down on him here, an' it's time he was movin' on."

John shrugged his shoulders.

"Let him move on, then," he advised; "and you stay here. See how quick he will be coming back after something to eat."

The boy's eyes flashed.

"I'm much obliged to you all for what you've done for me," he said, the forced calmness of his voice contrasting oddly with the resentful sparkle in his eyes. "That's what I walked up here to say. Now I'll be goin'."

"Pshaw! pshaw, Dave!" expostulated Abner; "you mustn't feel put out with what John says. Remember he sent your father medicine when he was sick—there, that's right," as the boy's face softened—"and about your father now. I think he can be talked round. Is he coming, did you say?"

"Yes, sir; he'll be here in a few minutes. He's on the way."

Abner looked at John, who grimaced, then nodded a good-natured assent.

"Come, Dave," he said; "suppose we leave Abner to talk with your father, while we go out to the stables and look round. I want to show you about the work, and explain more fully what we desire. The mules must have plenty of exercise. You can use them in breaking ground, clearing land, or anything you like. You understand. Just take care of everything the best you know how, as though they were your own."

The boy followed him slowly, the resentment not wholly gone from his eyes. A few minutes later old Higgins entered. Abner was seated at his desk writing.

"I've come—" began the visitor.

Abner turned in his chair.

"O, it's you," he interrupted. "Glad to see you. Take a seat." Then, as the man stared at him wonderingly without offering to sit down, he went on. "We were talk-

ing about you just now. You see, the thing is just here—we want to go away, but we don't want to sell out. Mules and wagons would bring very little just now; besides, we may come back at the end of a year or so. What we want is a good, trustworthy man to take charge of everything while we are gone—somebody we can depend on, you know. You have been here long enough to understand our ways, and Dave will be a prime hand to assist. Now, why can't we engage you permanently to look after the outfit? The pay will not be much, of course; but you can use the mules and wagons as much as you like. It will do them good. Take it all round, you can make a nice thing of it. What do you say?"

The man shifted uneasily and glanced about the room with a deprecating, half-foolish grin. Evidently he considered it a huge joke.

"I've come to say"—he began again, when he was interrupted with:

"Come, come, Mr. Higgins! Give me a direct answer, if you please. I'd rather have you and Dave than anybody I know; but if you can't accept, why, of course, I must look somewhere else."

The man's eyes shifted from the floor to his face.

"You don't mean, Mr. Abner—"

"Yes, I do mean," with a pretense of impatience; "will you take charge of our affairs or not? Remember, I want a straightforward man, on whom I can depend. Will you be the one?"

A tremulous hand, which had been shifting uneasily between trousers pocket and frayed coat-edge, now went up to the forehead in a pitiful, wondering way. The slouching figure began to straighten, and for the first time in his memory Abner Green looked straight into the eyes of Dave's father.

"Why, if you—if you really mean it that way, I'll be glad," the old man said, still in a dazed sort of wonder. Then, catching his breath at the thought, "Won't Dave be s'prised—pleased, I mean?"

He walked toward the door as though the interview were ended, then stopped suddenly and took a bottle from his pocket, handing it to Abner.

"Some whisky one of the men got for me this morning," he explained, still looking Abner in the face. "I 'lowed on havin' a time. But I don't reckon your head man ought to drink. I'll give it up. S'pose you break the bottle an' say nothin' to Dave."

"Of course, and thank you." Then Abner Green rose suddenly to his feet and held out his hand to this man who had made such a long stride toward his own level. He felt a strange, almost explosive elation over the success of his idea, but he only said:

"We have not known each other as well as we ought, Mr. Higgins. I hope we will get better acquainted in the future. But sit down, while I explain the business more in detail."

That evening, as Abner Green was returning from a visit to the stables, he heard rapid footsteps, and then felt his hand grasped warmly.

"I couldn't sleep till I come an' thanked you, Mr. Abner," Dave's voice said rapidly. "Pap's like a different man already. I—I can't tell you how I feel, but I'd rather a thousand times for pap to have the place than me. We'll never forget it. I—I—" and then with a quick sob he was gone. And Abner Green, looking up into the still, starry depths of the sky, even with all the desolation of the great freeze around him, felt a sudden warm glow, and went on cheerfully to the office to make preparations for another start in the world.

"Other Refuge Have I None."

IN old days, if a murderer, or any other evildoer in fear of his life, once took refuge "in sanctuary," that is, in a church, he was safe so long as he remained there. Durham Cathedral has a doorway which dates from the twelfth century, with a fine iron knocker, and anyone flying to take refuge was safe when he had grasped this knocker. Is not this a beautiful illustration of a sinner finding refuge in Christ, taking hold of him by repentance, faith, and prayer? "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day think no more about it.—Ruskin.

The Skylark.

HOWEVER high the lark may soar,
Its nest is on the grassy ground;
It mounts and mounts, yet evermore
Sinks back in showers of joyous sound.

So let my heart rise blithe and free,
So sink again and yet again,
That all my joy in heaven may be,
And all my love may be with men.

—G. D. C.

The Flowers of California.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

CALIFORNIA is well called the land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers. It is the land of many other things, but preeminently of these. One can scarcely picture and specifically describe the sunshine of California, but the fruits and flowers form a never-ending source of interest to photographer, artist, poet, and writer.

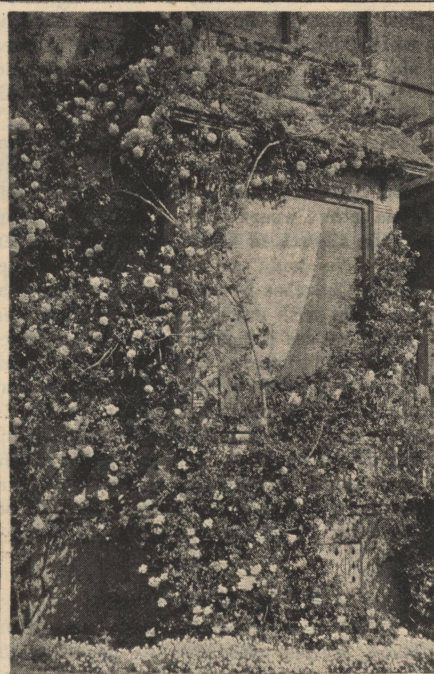
Early in its history California became noted for the richness of its floral treasures. At the foot of Echo Mountain, near Pasadena, is a mesa, or sloping table-land, to which I have given the name Cabrillo Heights. Three centuries ago, when Cabrillo, the Portuguese navigator, sailed up the Pacific coast, his sailors saw, when they were sixty miles out at sea, a glaring mass of reddish gold, shining as if from a field covered with burnished gold. It gleamed and shimmered in the clear sunlight, and they soon discovered that it was mile after mile of poppies—those golden poppies to which they gave the wonderfully truthful name *copa de oro*—cup of gold. As they stood on their vessel, slowly moving northward, the poppies of this sloping mesa were so exquisitely beautiful that they burst out into cries of admiration, "Capa de Flores!"—"The Cape of Flowers!" and to this day the name is preserved in the canyon below Echo Mountain House, which is called "Los Flores Canyon."

I was once talking with the State botanist of the great State of Nebraska. He had been spending some weeks botanizing around Mount Lowe, and he made the remarkable statement that he had found as many wild plants and flowers within a radius of five miles of where we then were, as he had in the whole of Nebraska.

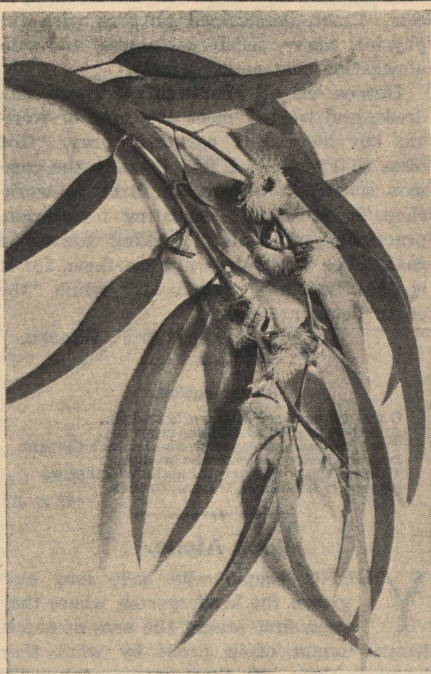
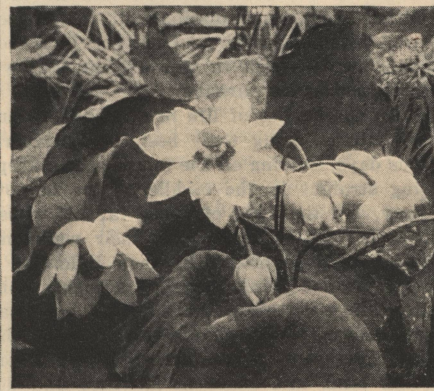
Indeed, California is the flower lover's paradise, no matter whether one is devoted to wild or cultivated flowers. The soil and the climate are such that the poorest laborer who is willing to work a little can have a garden that, in the richness and rarity of its floral treasures, will rival the most valued acquisitions of the conservatories of the proudest millionaire.

When we speak of the lotus our thoughts wander to that interesting poem "The Lotus Eaters," and we instinctively think of the Nile. Yet the lotus grows as beautifully in southern California as in its Egyptian habitat. In San Diego and at Mr. Sturtevant's place near Los Angeles thousands of these delicate, beautiful, and romantic flowers may be seen. And to such a high degree of culture have they been brought here that they take on all shades and colors and tints. In Mr. Andrew McNally's pond at Altadena are many of these rare aquatic plants and flowers, and happy is that stranger who, here or elsewhere, may have the opportunity of gazing upon them.

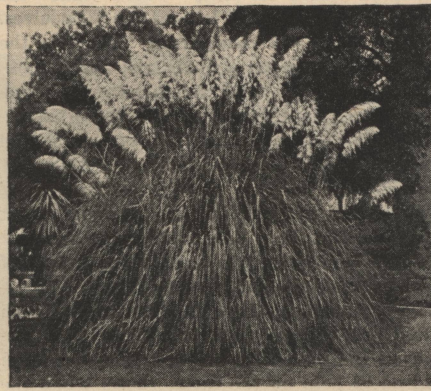
Another most beautiful flower is that of the eucalyptus tree. This is often spoken of as the Australian blue gum tree. It thrives wonderfully in California, and on account of the scarcity of wood for fuel, and the dearth of coal, it has been grown largely for fuel purposes. In the spring-time, when the flowers bloom out in their rich creamy white amid the many-tinted green leaves, the sight is one that always evokes expressions of the highest pleasure from the observant stranger, and to those of us who love them, they are a never-ending source of delight. To watch the unfolding or opening of the eucalyptus seed pod is to have a dozen nature sermons preached to you in the most effective way. A strange thing about the eucalyptus is that the different years' growths of leaves have a distinct color for a time. Among these leaves a number of tiny cups—almost like acorn cups, but with a dainty cover on—begin to grow. As the seeds within swell the cover is gradually forced off, and when it finally drops and the white stamens with their yellow-pollened tips burst out into the sunlight it is a vision of beauty never to be forgotten. When I see such daintily lovely things as this in nature I often wonder whether Christians realize how much God must love beauty for its own sake. One has only to read those descriptions of the articles that he ordered prepared for



A rose-embowered window, Los Angeles.
Sacred lotus, from the Nile.



Eucalyptus.
Pampas grass.



Spanish dagger in bloom.
Night-blooming cereus.



use in the tabernacle in the days of Moses and Aaron and to note how often the words "for glory and for beauty" occur, to know that God wants his children to have the keenest possible appreciation of the glorious and beautiful things he has prepared for their enjoyment.

Another of the dainty plant growths that delight and surprise visitors to California is the pampas grass. It is astonishing what a bright and cheerful aspect a few bunches of this delicate and graceful grass give to a place. It grows in vast masses, growing larger all the time, and with great rapidity, unless ruthlessly primed. The leaves are a bright green, and of a long, graceful shape. The grass stems begin green, and as they grow old become yellowish, while the plumes themselves are a creamy white. Of late years they have been much used for decorative purposes, and at the Strong ranch, at Whittier, they are grown in great quantities and dyed in various colors for use in this way.

Another wild flower that bursts upon one as a perfect dream of beauty is the yucca, or Spanish dagger. All over the rugged mountain slopes, as the trains of the Santa Fé come from the desert over El Cajon pass into San Bernardino, and then along all the lines of southern California, these glorious bunches of beauty may be seen. The name Spanish Dagger, or bayonet, aptly applies to the plant itself, for it is a mass of sharp, bayonetlike leaves, each one as tough as steel and sending out its points in every direction. From the center of these daggers rises, in singularly graceful dignity, a solitary stalk, upon which, by and by, the blossoms begin to appear. These are bell-like flowers of pure white, and scores, hundreds, and even thousands cluster around the upper portion of the stalk. Indeed, I have actually counted between three and four thousand flowers on a solitary stem, although this was an exceptionally large plant. From one to two thousand flowers, however, are exceedingly common.

The old Franciscan priests when they first saw these glorious masses of white bells clustered upon the top of this graceful stalk, and the clear sunlight illuminated them into a rare luminous beauty, gave them a name which I think most poetic and appropriate. They called them "the candlestick of our Lord," and surely no flower that grows more nearly approaches in appearance to a candelabrum than does this.

The cactus is one of the most repellent of plants, provided, doubtless, with numberless thorns to aid in its preservation in the desert, for, were it not thus protected, it would soon be eaten by the animals that perforce find themselves in these solitary

and desolate wastes. And yet they produce some of the most rare and delicate flowers known to the floriculturist. Almost every cactus has a flower that is perfectly lovely, but perhaps the most delicately rare flower of all is that of the night-blooming cereus. Those who are fortunate enough to have these desert denizens in their gardens watch most anxiously for the appearance of the buds, and when they finally burst forth in their delicious beauty it is often deemed an occasion important and interesting enough to warrant the inviting of a number of friends. For, as its name implies, it is a flower that appears only at night. Its tints are too delicate and rare for the full glare of the sun, so, timidly, shyly, unostentatiously, it blooms in the night, so that those who look for flowers of the day only never see this, one of the most beautiful flowers that grow. And I believe there are many characters in life like this flower. Those who look only for showy, full, gaudy accomplishments never see the rare beauty that the night of adversity or ill fortune bring forth. But those who see and know—ah, how they thank God for these night-blooming characters that cheer and brighten the gloom of the darkest hours and distinctly tell of the love of the All-Father when it would otherwise be so easy to forget!

The cactus, too, has a very useful side, even in its thorns and prickles. When the old missions were established it was found necessary to protect the settlements from the attacks of hostile Indians. The prickly pear—a thorny, quick-growing, dense-leaved cactus—was planted completely around the missions, leaving only two or three openings through which egress and ingress could be obtained. In a few years were thus formed impassable barriers, which undoubtedly served a good purpose to the priests when without them their lives would have been in jeopardy.

Opening the Windows.

GRANDMOTHER ROSEMARY went last summer to her native village to visit her niece, who a year before had married a farmer in the neighborhood.

They went one day to take tea with a friend of Mrs. Rosemary's girlhood. As they came near to the door grandmother said: "That old house has not altered in the last twenty years! There are the same closed green blinds at the parlor windows, and the same tin pails sunning on the kitchen bench, and the same dahlias and sunflowers in the yard. There is Serena in the door, a little leaner and grayer, but otherwise just the same."

She found no alteration inside the house,

either. Serena lived alone. She gave them the same kind of biscuit and veal cakes and honey which grandmother remembered when she was young. They sat in the bare, clean parlor, with the blinds closed. The sofa, the table, the chairs stood in the same places as when Serena was a child. She talked of but two or three things—crops and the weather and the neighbors.

When the visitors were on their way home grandmother drew a long breath. "Twenty years ago," she said, emphatically, "Serena Nutt was talking of the yield of the corn in that field, and of the sharpness in business of the Nutts, and the best way to make succotash, precisely as she did to-day! Her mind goes round and round in the same little circle, like a squirrel in his wheel. She doesn't know that there is a world outside of this village!"

She paused a moment and then said: "It is no credit to me that I am not like her. My husband was an editor, and my sons were in business and went about the world a good deal, so windows opened into my life on every side. When we sat down to breakfast the men talked of the great events of the day, as reflected in the newspapers, or of an expedition to the north pole, or of some new book or some discovery in science. I am like David. I thank God that he has 'set my feet in a large room.'"

"He has not set me in a large room," said her niece, gravely, "but in a very small one. My husband works hard on the farm and I in the house. There is danger that I shall be shut in with as few ideas as Serena has. It is the great danger in farm and village life. But what can one do?"

"Open windows and doors in your little room," said Mrs. Rosemary, promptly. "Take one or two of the best magazines and read them. Keep up with the action of the great outside world in every way possible to you. Write to your old acquaintances. Don't spend your money in new-fashioned gowns or parlor furniture, but in books, magazines, and, above all, in little journeys with your husband. It is only by measuring yourself with strangers that you can get your true measure."—*Youth's Companion*.

It is not the gilded paper and good writing of a petition that prevails with a king, but the moving sense of it; and to the King that discerns the heart, heart-sense is the sense of all, and that which he alone regards; he listens to hear what that speaks, and takes all as nothing where that is silent. All other excellence in prayer is but the outside and fashion of it; that is the life of it.—*Leighton*.



THOMAS B. NEELY, D.D., Editor.

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Narrow-mindedness.

"HERE," said one of three men that were sitting on a doorstep, as he put out a tin can that still had some beer in it, "young feller, take this."

"I don't drink," the boy explained, refusing.

"Well, put a couple of coppers in to help us git the next," suggested the man.

"No, sir. You'll not get to heaven," said the boy.

"An' will you?"

"I hope to."

"You never will. You're too narrow-minded."

Narrow-mindedness is the key to most of the arguments which a man will give in favor of card-playing, certain forms of gambling, a moderate use of intoxicants, and many other evils that are considered as if nothing, but which have their ruinous effect nevertheless.

Often the writer has had that "narrow-minded" dart thrown at him. There was a time when he believed that he was narrow-minded, and when he was willing to be termed so for the sake of right; but he thinks now that those that use the word do not understand its meaning, and that he is not narrow-minded in any sense of the word.

In the business world, if a man is slow to take a risk, is never seen handling anything shaky or doubtful, he is stamped as a cautious and conservative man.

But let the worldly and cautious business men see a follower of the cross take precautions against certain things which are risky or doubtful from a religious standpoint, and he either will declare or think the Christian narrow-minded.

Now, is one's being so careful to keep out of things that may possibly lead to wrong, and things that look wrong, narrow-mindedness? We believe it to be a shrewdness more acute than that of business men.

"The Deeps Are Dumb."

THERE is in my Bible class a young man who, when he first came, was so unobtrusively quiet that for months I hardly knew he was there. Soon he began to be always present. His intelligent answers to questions requiring thought attracted my attention. I found that he could be depended upon in little things. There came a certain growth in his spiritual life, and I prayed that "my boy" might become all he was capable of becoming. After a time certain duties were given him, and though the color came to his face he closed his lips a little more tightly and seemed never to think of shirking. His interest in Bible study seemed to increase. His own pertinent questions made me ask what was his life-work, and I found that he was not a college student, as I supposed, but a teacher.

As months and years have gone by I have noticed that to other good qualities this young man has always been faithful in emergencies—in fact, one to be depended on at all times.

The other day I learned of an incident in his life which, in my mind, makes him a hero. At the university where he graduated, in the technical department of mechanics, when a student, he was one day, with other students, carrying molten metal for molds in the foundry when the metal, red-hot, fell upon his garments, which instantly blazed up around him. His hands did not unloose on the handle of the ladle. To let go meant danger, perhaps death, to the other students. He held on, saying in a brave tone to the lads near by, "Shovel sand on me," while, at the same time, he walked on to the mold and emptied the hot

iron. Not a falter nor a flinch; simple, cool, direct, determined purpose with the physical nerve, self-forgetfulness, and self-abnegation that makes a hero.

Heroes are all about us. I know hundreds, and when I meet one, man or woman, boy or girl, I earnestly pray, "God bless that soul!" I find them in the common school, in college, on farm, in workshop, in social life—resisting temptation, practicing self-denial, working toward a goal. The world does not see them, for it is the "shallows that roar," while "the ocean deeps are dumb."

CHARLOTTE F. WILDER.

Consecration.

O EMPTY us of self, the world and sin,
And then in all Thy fullness enter in;
Take full possession, Lord, and let each thought
Into obedience unto thee be brought;
Thine is the power and thine the will that we
Be wholly sanctified, O Lord, to thee.

—C. E. J.

Let Alone.

YOUNG people who have long outgrown the kindergarten where they were first taught the uses of object lessons might often profit by what they learned there if they would take the trouble to find object lessons for themselves. There is an old conundrum, "What is the difference between a giddy girl and a looking-glass?" to which the answer is, "One speaks without reflecting and the other reflects without speaking." Now, we should not only not speak without reflecting, but we should not see without reflecting. If we reflect properly on the various object lessons that from time to time are brought before our eyes we learn lessons out of school that are not easy to forget.

For instance, there is that field of corn that the farmer had to "throw out" because the man with the hoe, who had been hired to help on the farm, chose, when the first really warm days came, to leave his hoe and go off on a tramp. Well, that was good seed, and the ground is naturally fertile, but that is the worst-looking field, with spindling and yellow cornstalks choked with weeds and vines, that we have seen this year. There is all the difference in the world between that field and the adjoining one which has been properly cultivated.

Look at that peach tree, crooked and stunted, with only a few worm-eaten peaches here and there on its branches. We happen to know that the shoot from which it grew came from a nursery where only first-class cuttings and seedlings are to be had. When the buyer had planted his orchard there were a few shoots left over, and these he stuck down in a fence corner in the field near by. The others died from neglect, but this one seems to have had an unusually hardy constitution; at any rate, as we see, it has lived to grow up, but it might as well have died for all the good it has done in the world. It has never had any cultivation, and the consequence is that while the trees on the other side of the fence, which have been well looked after ever since they were put into the ground, are in a flourishing condition, the tree that has been let alone from the time it was a foot high is in such a state that it is now too late to do anything for its improvement.

Such is the fate of the let-alones, and boys and girls who are, so to speak, under cultivation would do well to take warning by the sight. They would like well enough at times to be let alone when they are in no humor for going to school, but what would be the consequence of having their whim complied with in this matter? The condition of the let-alone corn or fruit tree is the best answer to this question.

Get in Somewhere.

FIND your place in some Christian Church as soon as possible. Do not delay; but go at once to some godly minister and tell him that you are on the Lord's side, and want to get into rank with his people. I once heard of a little child who had recently been converted. She was one day talking to her grandfather, who was questioning her about her new faith, and no doubt giving her some very good advice. Finally she said, "Grandpapa, are you a Christian?" "Yes, my dear, I hope I am." "What Church do you belong to, grandpapa?" "O, I belong to the Church of Christ." "But which is that? Are you a member of the same Church that mamma and I are—the Episcopal Church?" "No, my dear, I am not an Episcopalian." "Are you a Presbyterian, then?" "No, I am not a Presbyterian." "Are you a Baptist, then?" "No." "Are you a Methodist?" "No, dear,

I do not belong to any of the churches; I just belong to Christ." After a pause, in which the little one was thinking it over, she turned to her grandfather and said, "Well, grandpapa, if I were you, I would try and get in somewhere."

Now, I think the little Christian was right, and the old one was wrong. I know that there are many who, from various reasons, stand apart from organized relation to the Church of God. No church is perfect. No doubt we might all find things in the Churches to which we are allied that we could wish might be changed; and certainly we see things in other bodies which we do not approve; but at the same time I would say that it is better to be in than out. Imperfect as the outward Church is, nevertheless it is the Church of God; and among its members are to be found the true people of God, and within its organization are found the ordinances of God. —George F. Pentecost, D.D.

Away from Home.

EVERY son when he goes away from home, carries with him the honor of the home to which he belongs, and he may either exchange or dissipate it. If he does well his success is doubled, for it is not only an ornament to himself, but a crown of honor to his parents.

In the battles of life in a city there are multitudes doing their best, living laborious days, shaking off the tempter, and keeping straight in the middle of the narrow way, for the sake of those far off whose hearts will be cheered by their welldoing and would be broken by their illdoing.

I do not think there is a sight more touching—certainly there is not one that touches me more—than when a youth, who has been away in another city or in a foreign land, and bears in his face and demeanor tokens of his welldoing, comes back some Sabbath to the church in which his boyhood has been spent and sits again side by side with the proud hearts that love him.

Where is there a disappointment so keen or a disgrace so poignant as he inflicts who comes not back because he dare not, having in the foreign land or in the distant city soiled his good name and rolled the honor of home in the dust?—Young Folks.

All Loafers.

"WHAT per cent of the prisoners under your care have received any manual training beyond some acquaintance with farming," a Northern man asked the warden of a Southern penitentiary.

"Not one per cent," replied the warden.

"Have you no mechanics in prison?"

"Only one mechanic; that is, one man who claims to be a house-painter."

"Have you any shoemakers?" asked the visitor.

"Never had a shoemaker."

"Have you any tailors?"

"Never had a tailor."

"Any printers?"

"Never had a printer."

"And carpenters?"

"Never had a man in this prison that could draw a straight line."

"These facts," says the writer in the *North American Review*, who tells the incident, "seems to show that manual training is almost as good a preventive of crime as vaccination of smallpox."

What You Can Do.

"I THINK a Christian can go anywhere," said a young woman who was defending her continued attendance at some very doubtful places of amusement.

"Certainly she can," rejoined her friend, "but I am reminded of a little incident that happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide to the party.

"Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?" she asked, petulantly.

"Yes'm," returned the old man. "There's nothin' to keep you from wearin' a white frock down there, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearin' one back."

There is nothing to prevent the Christian wearing his white garments when he seeks the fellowship of that which is unclean, but there is a good deal to prevent him from wearing white garments afterward.

A SMILE should be more than skin deep. Put some heart in it.—Nixon Waterman.

A Thanksgiving Entertainment.

BY INEZ A. GODMAN.

THE girls of my class wanted to do something to raise missionary money, and the way they finally decided upon was so pleasant that I have concluded to describe it that others may try it if they wish.

It was early in November, and they arranged to give an entertainment on Thanksgiving. After some discussion a class of boys was asked to join them. Nothing new was attempted, not even one new hymn was learned. They took the old well-known hymns and put new life in them. Here is the program:

1. "The God of harvest praise" (1087 in Hymnal). Let everybody sing.

2. Prayer.

3. "What shall the harvest be?"

Four girls dressed in white, with seed baskets, sing the verses. They sing rather softly and very tenderly, walking slowly back and forth, scattering seed as they sing. The audience join in the chorus.

4. "Ho, reapers of life's harvest" (tenor solo).

The teacher of the boy's class carried this part. Four boys with scythes or sickles saunter upon the platform and stand listlessly about during the singing. At the last verse they rouse themselves and sing with vigor the chorus of "Weary Gleaner" as they march out.

5. "Weary gleaner."

The questioner stands to one side as the three gleaners (girls) come upon the platform. The first gleaner should walk slowly and wearily, carrying a few bits of dried cornstalk, and take her place where she can lean against a post or the organ. She should remain in a dejected, weary position throughout the entire piece, not even moving when she answers the question addressed to her. The second gleaner should wear a light, flimsy dress much dilapidated, and should carry a few withered flowers and leaves. Let the girl for this part be chosen for her ability to sing with tender sadness. She wanders restlessly about the platform until her turn to answer. As soon as the chorus to the second verse is finished she steps to the front and sings—

6. "Nothing but leaves."

Upon the way this is sung depends much of the success of the evening. As soon as she finishes and turns back to stand by the first gleaner the questioner proceeds with the third verse of "Weary Gleaner." The third gleaner should be plainly dressed and should be busily occupied during the entire piece gathering grain from the back of the platform. If a small bundle of wheat, rye, or oat straw is placed at the rear of the platform before the program begins, one of the boys in the previous piece can give it a kick as he marches out, thus scattering it so that the third gleaner can pick it up a bit at a time. By the time her turn to sing has arrived she should have a sheaf about as large as she can carry. A girl with a merry, smiling face is the best for this part. The audience should sing the chorus throughout.

7. "Bringing in the sheaves."

The infant class should sing this as they march in, each bearing a sheaf which they stack upon the platform. They gather about the stack—perhaps one or two sitting upon it—and join with the audience in singing—

8. "Sing to the Lord of harvest" (1085 in Hymnal).

9. Collection.

10. Doxology and benediction.

Refreshments.

This program occupies about forty-five minutes. The hymns are all from the Methodist Hymnal and other accessible collections. There are many other beautiful harvest hymns, and the program may be changed or lengthened at pleasure.

The novelty of our refreshments (pumpkin pie, cheese, crullers, and lemonade) made them a success, and we netted a good sum besides the collection.

Without Ceasing.

WE never read that Joshua's hand was weary with wielding the sword, but Moses's hand was weary with holding the rod. The more spiritual the duty the more apt we are to tire of it. We could stand and preach all day, but we could not pray all day. We could go forth to seek the sick all day, but we could not be in our closets all day one half so easily. To spend a night with God in prayer would be far more difficult than to spend a night with man in preaching. O, take care, take care, Church of Christ, that thou dost not cease thy prayers!—Spurgeon.

Don't Fret.

WHAT are we fretting for, day after day? Worrying our lives and good tempers away; Envyng our neighbors, and reaching for gains Which, when we attain them, aren't worth our pains. If we know in our hearts that in heaven above There's a "Father" who watches his children in love, Then, why aren't we true to that knowledge, and so Just trust to him wholly, and let the "cares" go? "God is in heaven—'tis well with the world." For his glorious banners o'er earth are unfurled. Then let us be happy, and "worry" no more; Where faith enters in, doubt flies out the heart's door; And, once rid of doubt, it is true as can be That the heart from all worries and fears must be free.

—Mary D. Brine.

Leaving Home.

A WRITER in *The American Boy* has some sage reflections on this turning point in a lad's life:

The trouble with the boy who remains at home is that, through overindulgence on the part of the old folks and a comparison by him of his growing strength with their growing feebleness, he imagines himself to be the center of the family circle about which all else must revolve. The father is dethroned as head of the family, and the mother is retired from the queenly place she naturally adorns, where it is the delight and privilege of others to wait upon her and save her trouble, each becoming an oft too willing slave to the young man's caprices and the football of his whims and moods. Of course, this is not always so, but it is often enough so to require a little rough handling.

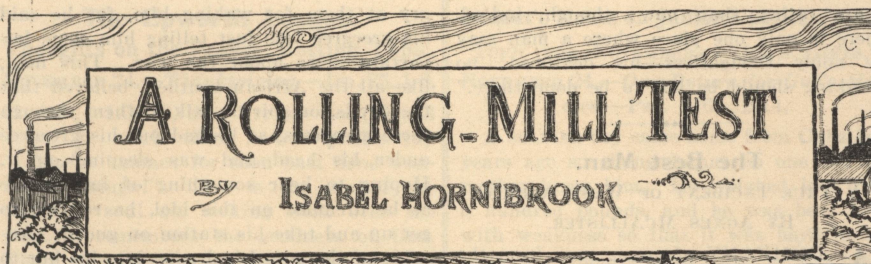
Staying home is a serious matter for a young man, and so is leaving home; indeed, right here is one of the most important turning points in a boy's life.

One picture out of my boy experiences will go down with me to the end. I was seventeen years of age. I was to leave my home—a grand, good home, filled with every comfort and overflowing with peace and love—I was to leave that home the next morning for a distant point—not for a visit, but as the beginning of a permanent absence, save for visits at intervals. Family worship had never been instituted in that home, but that night my father got down the family Bible and read from its pages aloud, and then all kneeled while he offered up the most beautiful prayer I ever heard sent up to the throne of grace—a prayer for his firstborn who on the morrow was to step over the threshold of home into the great world—a hard, grinding, restless, pushing, pitiless world—there to meet victory or defeat, to come back a blessing or a curse. I tell you, I have seen that vision and heard that prayer in a thousand places, at a thousand times; and whether the prayer got its answer or not it had strength enough to reach down through the years and save me in many a crisis.

There are the circumstances where a boy may well remain at home. If the care of the old folks devolves upon him and he can care for them well only by so doing, then by all means he should stay. If the father's business requires his assistance, and particularly if father and son look forward to the son's taking up the father's work, he may well remain at home, until he has found some one who is ready to help him found a home of his own; and then, barring again peculiar circumstances which may prevent, he should strike out for himself. But if he remains at home for any reason, good or bad, let him remember it is his father's house—not his, and that if ever in his life he owes the duty of service to the old folks it is when their hairs whiten, their eyes grow dim, and their feet falter.

The Sight of Japan.

IF I were asked, "What is the most impressive thing you have seen in Japan?" I would reply without hesitation, "It is the faces of the Christian women in Japan, especially those who have been trained in Christian schools." There is an expression in their faces revealing a character and a purpose in life which one misses in the majority of faces, and one can tell, with a fair degree of certainty, from the face alone, what Christianity has done for women through its schools, placing its seal of nobility on what is otherwise but a Vanity Fair.—Dr. Scudder.



THE great machinery yawned and woke. In each department of the big wire works some scene was beginning of the spectacular labor drama whose first act was the throwing of the rude scrap iron into the furnaces, to issue in a white Niagara of steel, foaming under a golden aurora into the seething caldron below.

Many a blistering bubble fell on workmen shuffling in the "slag" as the molten metal was ladled into molds, to await its pilgrimage from ingots to billets, rods, and attenuated wire under the heavy rollers of the rolling mill—a pilgrimage increasing in velocity with every stage, until, reduced to half an inch in diameter, the wire shot through the grooves of the "repeater," where its flaming tip was caught and straightened by hookers standing on each side of the machinery, before it flew outward in a scarlet loop over the mill floor.

At the farther end of this stone platform, forty feet from his workfellows, stood a lone sentinel, a solitary boy hooker, whose duty it was to straighten the loop again as it flew back. In the red murk his young face, dripping like an illuminated sponge, caught the attention of the only man who daily saw the pageant of wire-making from the beginning—the time-keeper going his recording rounds.

"You've got a new hand here this morning, Mr. Taber," he said, addressing the foreman of the section. "He's pretty green for a dangerous job like that, ain't he?"

"Superintendent don't think so," answered Taber, following the direction of the clerk's eyes. "Putnam's been in the mill three months, and had a hooking job on slow wire. They shoved him on to me to-day, to take Jack Verry's place. There's Jack now!" pointing to another lad—one of the hookers pressing close to the machinery—who glowed like a fire-eater as he stood ready to swoop on the lightning wire. "Jack don't take no chances—not much fear of the next man getting burned through him. But that young Putnam do look kinder heady, an' 's if he wasn't keeping his wits right by him all the time," went on the foreman after a minute, whooping into the timekeeper's ear. "I'll give him a dressing down at noon. Hello, you snipe!" collaring a water-boy who was passing with a pail to the men, "don't let me catch you squawking to any of the workmen to-day, or out you go quicker than a wink."

Thirteen-year-old ducked submissively, going his way, as did the timekeeper. Labor went on in a torrid march until noon clanged through the works and a thousand toilers streamed, panting, into more temperate air, among them the new hooker, young Putnam, side by side with his chum, Jack Verry.

"There's the boss calling me," groaned the former. "Keep a place for me at the grub pile, Jack!" and he turned aside to receive the foreman's dressing down, a "doublebarreled warning" about the dangers of a hooker's job.

"Remember, Putnam, it's eyes front and take no chances!" concluded Taber, impressively. "Don't look round while that repeating mill is going if the archangel's trump was to sound behind you! For if you don't keep shuffling to the music somebody else may pay the piper."

"Pshaw! he was jest giving me a scare-head lecture about being careful; and I was too dry for it to stick," grunted Putnam, as he escaped and took his place next Jack at the boarding house table.

Afternoon was waning. The latter half of the labor day was marching like the first, with dirge of machinery and strain of human sinew.

Jerry Putnam, watching that flame-red loop forever darting at his feet, began at last to have a feeling that it lived in some cloudy nightmare, and might presently lance a scarlet fang to bite.

While he tried to steer his unaccustomed senses through the heat-fog fuddling them something cool and sharp caught him on the ear, a morsel of slag, shot by the mischievous water-boy, who had been forbidden to speak to workmen on duty.

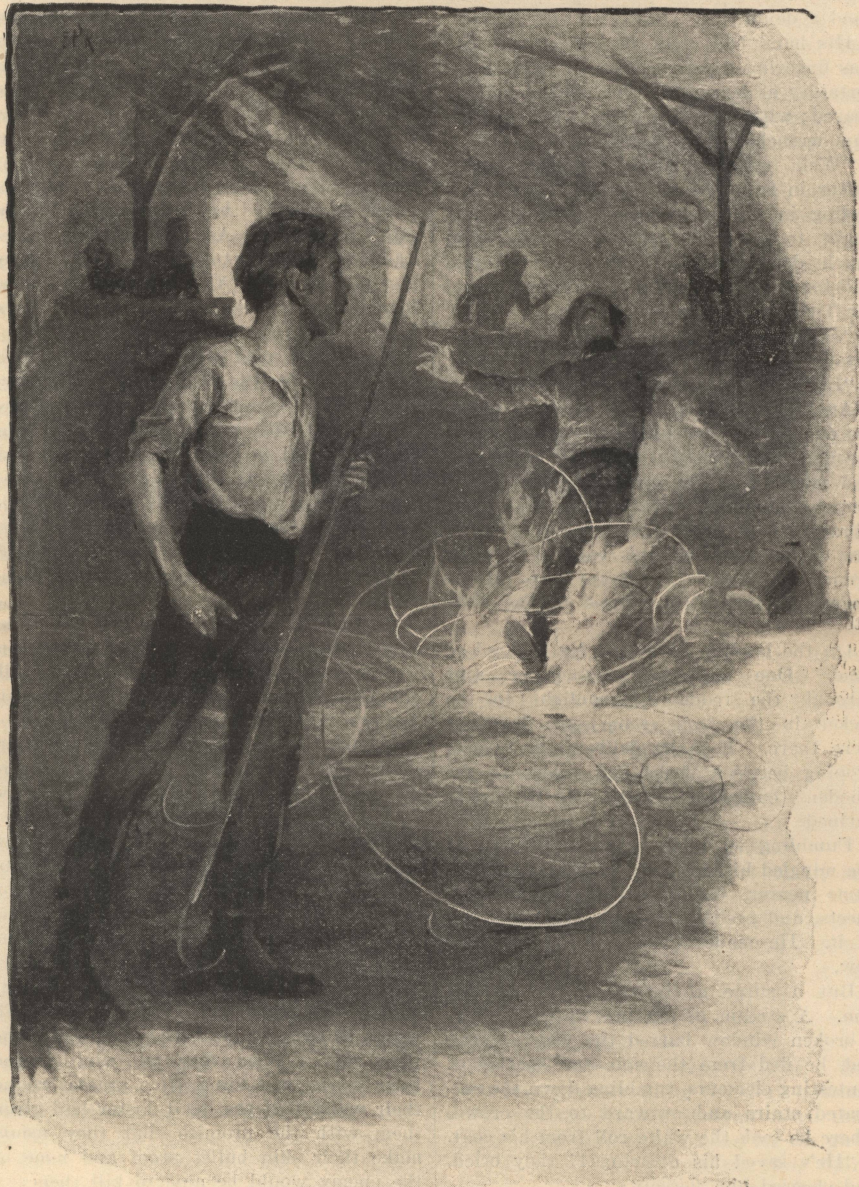
"Hello, Put! how's yer new job?" he shrilled, seizing a minute when the foreman

was out of sight. "Yer eyes are as big's peeled onions—"

The rest was lost in the pervading whirr. But another metal cinder stung Putnam on the cheek.

"Don't look round while that repeater is going, even if the archangel's trump was to sound behind you!" The remembered warning stung him too. But the wire was on the other side of the machinery now. With a butting motion his head went round. One wild swoop he made with his crook at the tormentor, then wheeled to duty again.

But the flaming wire was already at his feet. It seemed to spit a scorching, blinding poison upward to his eyes. His hook made a frenzied dive to catch it—missed.



CAUGHT IN THE WIRE.

With a venomous hiss it retreated, coiling like tangled lightning. A shriek cut the oceanlike buzz. Putnam had a branding vision of somebody caught by the leg in the blistering tangle his miss had caused. He knew it was Jack Verry—loyal, wary Jack—whom another hooker was freeing, by cutting the wire with a hatchet. Then he rushed away, with an overwhelming desire to give his faithless hands to the grinding cogs of the nearest machinery.

He was held up. Men sternly told him Jack was not dead nor crippled, the fiery serpent having caught him where layers of clothing blunted its fang. But through that summer night a branded boy haunted the yard of the hospital, looking up at the ward where another lay, praying in stormy snatches, groping after a forgiveness greater than Jack's, or helplessly raging against those mechanical forces which measure neither men's motives nor contritions.

At morning the timekeeper from the wire works so found him.

"Hello, there, Put!" he shouted. "Jack's doing well. Doctor thinks he may be at work again in a couple of months. There, boy—boohoo your loudest, if 'twill help you any! Taber says he'll try not to have you dismissed for your old father's sake, but they'll set you to shoveling slag—"

"I'd shovel slag till I die—if I could only get a chance to make it up to him!" moaned "Put," looking up at the ward, whose windows winked in the early sunlight.

But the impossibility to atone salted with tears young Putnam's work or play during the next two months, irking him more after Jack was let out of hospital, with a slight lameness in one leg, where the sinews had been seared. There was no contraction in Jack's just spirit.

"Pshaw! Put, I've no grudge against you," he said at their first meeting. "I'd be no better than that clodhoppin' machinery if I couldn't measure the harm a fellow meant, rather than what he done. So you haven't been to drawing school since I was hurt—you chump! Be there on time to-night, or I'll hobble up an' fetch you."

It had been part of Putnam's penance to feel a shame about attending the free evening school for mechanical drawing in connection with the works, where Jack and he had run neck and neck for honors, the cradle of all their hopes of advancement. His blood jumped at the thought of going back.

"Have you heard that the management is offering as a prize to the fellow who

makes the best drawings of a gear wheel and cone pulley that he shall enter the draughting office at New Year?" he gasped, huskily. "There's a chance for some fellow to shed the overalls—'twill be you or I, Jack, or I miss my guess!"

But even in the excitement of rekindling ambition the thought surged again as Jack limped off: "Can I ever make it up to him?"

And Put was asking the same question of the night stars a month later, on Christmas Eve, looking down at the glum outline of the wire plant a mile below.

"I knew 'twould be between us two," he muttered, softly. "An' Mr. Jenison says my gear wheel is the best, but it don't seem as if I could take the prize over his head. What's that?"

A clap as of double thunders, an earthquake-like rumble of jailed forces escaping to devour the quiet of the night, a plummy column of smoke, freighted with debris, shooting upward from the works! With shudder waves striking downward to the feet that cowered in his shoes Putnam found himself shrilling:

"Father! father! an explosion—near the cleaning shops—the vitriol and chemicals—on fire now—"

His cry was drowned in the swift bray-

ing of fire alarms, yells of a gathering crowd, and the noise of another explosion which heaved a black mass into the air, flagged with flame, like a rush of the squads of darkness.

How he got there Putnam hardly knew, but he presently found himself fighting his way, with wild eddies in his blood, through a gathering swarm of firemen and workmen, pelted with debris while they attacked the flame.

"Ain't it lucky it's Christmas Eve?" gasped a voice beside him. "Anny other night the furnaces 'ud ha' been running full blast, and the night gang in there. Only one watchman's hurted so far's they know, an' he not bad!"

"But the new buildings are doomed," quavered a voice at his other ear—that of old Mr. Jenison, the night-school teacher. "The fire has reached them already—they're turning the hose on them now. The library is insured, but they couldn't insure my boy's brains—the drawings—"

"Have you got the keys of the lockers, sir?" yelled Putnam, suddenly and fiercely.

"If I had, I oughtn't to give 'em to you," half sobbed the old draughtsman. "And the fireman wouldn't let you in there now. But it's good-bye to your gear wheel, Put—and 'twould have taken the prize—beyond a doubt."

His hand had crept to his pocket. He was fingering a pair of keys in painful uncertainty as he spoke. One steel head appeared; with more fire than ceremony Putnam wrenched them from him.

"Well, your drawings are top shelf—locker in front room," gasped the teacher, feeling in wild excitement as if the boy ought to have his chance, on which so much depended—the exchange of torrid mill for temperate office, of hook and shovel for T-square and triangle.

"Jack Verry's?" screamed Put, interrogatively.

"Locker in second room—top shelf!"

Another minute and the boy was inside the danger line, working his way somehow through a confused tangle of apparatus and men. Into the open doorway of the new buildings he disappeared, passed the library where firemen were flinging out a few of the more valuable volumes, ere the drenching hose destroyed the rest, up the stairway in climbing jumps to the floor above.

On the landing he halted for a shred of time. One anguished glance he sent through the reddened moonlight to the locker in the front room—his drawings were there. Then he deliberately turned, groping between desks and tables to the wooden cupboard where Jack's were shrined.

Fumbling with the captured key, while the mingled hiss of flame and fighting hose came nearer, he unearthed the precious sheets, and peeling his coat wrapped them in it. He made for the other cupboard now.

But a surge of intruding fire blinded him. A stream of soaring water through a broken window barred the way. Terrified, he fled from the spit and spatter of contesting elements, tumbling down the saturated stairs and outward to the crowd, where he took the white roll from his coat.

"He's saved his drawings!" they cried, and cheered him fiercely.

But Put faced them, with that "heady" light of youth in his eyes, which had never shone so brightly since his first fatal day in the rolling mill.

"No! I've saved Jack Verry's," he cried. "The management—can't—back down—he'll be a draughtsman at New Year. Thank God!" his voice sheathing itself huskily, "I've had a chance to make up!"

The Thoughtlessness of Youth.

So often we are asked to excuse "the thoughtlessness of youth." In youth a time of thoughtlessness?

"In general," says Mr. Ruskin, "I have no patience with people who talk about 'the thoughtlessness of youth' indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can be in any way materially altered in his lot, let him forget his toil, and jest with his lot, if he will; but what excuse can you find for willfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future prospects depends on the circumstances and opportunities of an hour? A youth thoughtless, when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless, when his every act is a foundation-stone for future conduct, and every thought a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after

years rather than now; though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his deathbed; no thinking should be left to be done there."

The Best Man.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF WEST AFRICA.

BY AGNES MCALLISTER.

A COMPANY of young men from the Kroo coast of West Africa had gone down the coast to work for a firm in a German colony. They were to work for a year and then go home to their own country for a few months' rest. These Kroo men were all strangers to their white employer, and as they were all black and wearing only a little loin cloth they looked very much alike to him; after a few days he found much trouble in making them understand which one he meant when he spoke to any of them. So one day he had them all to stand in a line before him, forty in number. He was much puzzled to find names for so many men. As they stood there he began to give them names that he hoped he would not forget. One man he said looked like his friend in Germany whose name was Peter, so him he called Peter. Another, who was very large, he called Jumbo. A second large man was Samson. A tall negro he called Longman, and a short man Shortman. A stout man drew the name of Punch, because the boss said he looked like a rum barrel. Another man was so sooty black that he called him Charcoal. One of these men was always flitting about doing something; him he called Butterfly. Another bustling boy he called Mosquito. A slow man he called Lastman. Coming to the one at the end of the line, he said, "You, boy, are Bestman. I want you for head man over these boys, because I see you are the best man."

Then these men went to work in their first service for the white man feeling very proud indeed in having white men's names, for they all wish to be like the white man. But they had no idea what their English names meant, and after some years when a missionary went to their home and told them what their names meant they were surprised, and some were angry, and said, "Don't anybody call me that foolish name again!"

Bestman became a Christian, and as he was a good man and the name suited him we missionaries at Garraway Station still call him Bestman, and have given him his father's name Kolenky, for a surname.

During the war between the tribes Bestman had to go to fight, and many prayers we offered up for his safety. He trusted in God to protect him. When the other soldiers of his tribe went to war they all went to the devil doctor first, and got charms and greegrees. These they put on their bodies to protect them from being shot. I have seen the soldiers before going into battle go out to the field where there was a hill of white or red clay and rub their bodies with this clay till they were all white, or red, so that nobody could tell who they were. Then they put vines round their heads, and hung some grasses round their waist that the devil doctor had given them with the promise that they would make their skin bullet proof and none of the enemy would be able to kill them.

Bestman had learned to trust Jesus, so he kept away from the devil doctor. He put on his trousers and shirt and went to battle. The head man of the tribe, who had on more charms than anybody, was the first man to fall. One ball killed both him and his son, who was following right behind him. This was a great lesson to Bestman, and he said, "I will never again put any trust in the charms our people use."

The people were afraid their enemies might steal into the towns at night, so they built war fences round the towns, where they kept guard all night. But one little town where Bestman lived was in a place where the people said they did not think the enemy would trouble them, as they were in a thick grove of palm trees on the river bank.

One night after the war had been going on for some months Bestman's mother said, "I am afraid to sleep in this town, because we do not have a war fence, and you do not keep guard here. I want you to set a guard. So the king called up four men and told them they must keep guard round the town. One of these men was Bestman."

The people in the town were very late going to bed, and one of the guards lay down to sleep. They had been on guard for some little time when one of the four went to call this drowsy man. He was very an-

gry at them for waking him, for he said his greegree was just telling him some important news about the war. This man, like all the African heathen, believed that the devils, or spirits, talk to them through these greegrees, so he had put his greegree under his head and was sleeping on it. Hoping to hear something of importance as he dreamed on this idol, he refused to get up and take his station on guard. Another of the guard had gone into his hut to light his pipe, and the third was sitting quietly near.

It began to show signs of day, and Bestman was at his post of duty, when looking into the palm grove, he saw the enemy within a few feet of the place where he stood. He at once fired his gun and gave the alarm. The other men came and fired into the enemy, who were now at sword's length from them, cutting down the fence and trying to make their way into the town. The leader of the enemy's army was shot down and lay at the gate where the four men had been put to guard the town. The townspeople came running with their guns, and several shots were fired and a number of men killed and wounded. The enemy seeing that their captain was dead, and that others were wounded, turned to flee, and as they ran their dead and wounded were left behind.

As soon as the firing of guns was over the missionary hurried to the town, feeling sure that some one must be killed and that her services would be needed among the wounded. When she reached the town the soldiers shouted out, "Bestman has saved the town, and nobody is killed!" As she hurried to the place she was met by the women, who were praising Bestman, and taking up the sand, throwing it on his head, and pulling his arms, in token of their gratitude. They shouted and praised and danced round him, throwing their arms around his neck, and saying everything they could to praise his noble deed. But it was a wonder to them all how any man could without any charm or help from the devil doctor stand before those savage people and do his duty and not run and leave the town.

The soldiers as they came along said, "Why, Bestman, did you put on your trousers and shirt and not have any of our charms, to make your skin thick, so that you would shed bullets." But Bestman said, "I am trusting God, and it was he took care of me." And the soldiers said, "You are indeed the Bestman, for you saved us today."

For the Birds.

MR. RICHARD KEARTON'S interest in bird life has shown itself in a number of valuable books. He and his brother have accomplished wonders in photographing them in their natural haunts. What he does for his feathered visitors in winter may help some American bird-lovers to befriend their favorites. In the *Quiver* Mr. Kearton says:

During the summer I grow a goodly quantity of sunflowers, not because I am an æsthetic, but because they are capital plants for hiding such unsightly structures as fowl-runs and sheds, and produce liberal quantities of nourishing seeds, of which house sparrows, green-finches, and great tits are passionately fond. In the autumn every sunflower head is cut off and hung up to dry, and care is taken that the seeds are not shaken out when this end has been accomplished.

Directly the first snap of winter makes itself felt the birds leave the distant woods and hedgerows and approach the habitations of mankind, in order to see what unconsidered trifles in the way of food can be picked up. At such times I tie a sunflower head to a stick firmly fixed in the ground in an upright position, and very soon the fun commences.

When the weather is very severe, I lay in a supply of dog biscuits and soak two or three in hot water every morning for the relief of the thrushes and blackbirds visiting my garden. If there be snow upon the ground, I hummock it up in such a way that it forms a kind of small volcano, into the crater of which the crumbed-up biscuit is dropped. This plan prevents the food getting scattered about, and enables one to get a good view of all the birds that come to feed.

Babylonish Omens.

AMONG the clay tablets unearthed on the site of ancient Babylon were a great number inscribed with "omens" and "signs." Our own half-held superstitions in regard to black cats may give us sympathy with

these omens in regard to dogs, blue, yellow and otherwise:

"If a blue dog enters a palace, that palace will be burned.

"If a yellow dog enters a palace, exit from that palace will be baneful.

"If a spotted dog enters a palace, that palace will give its peace to the enemy.

"If a dog goes to a palace and kills some one, that palace is deprived of peace.

"If a dog goes to a palace, and lies down on a bed, that palace none with his hand will take.

"If a dog goes to a palace, and lies down on the throne, that palace will be burned."

The Hanging Gardens.

THE "hanging gardens" of Babylon, which were accounted among the seven wonders of the ancient world, have always fascinated the imagination of youth. A writer tells what they really were:

The hanging gardens of Nebuchadnezzar were contiguous to the palace, and were ranked by the ancients among the seven wonders of the world. It will be remembered that, before his accession to the throne, Nebuchadnezzar had taken in marriage Amytis, the daughter of Cyaxares, of Media. To this princess the king was deeply attached, and it was for her pleasure that the wonderful gardens were made. Reared in the mountainous country of Media, Amytis grew weary of the unending Babylonian plain of her adopted home. She pined for the rocky scenery of her own land. The monotony of the uninterrupted level irked her fancy. To gratify her Nebuchadnezzar caused artificial hills of rubble and brickwork to be raised, terrace after terrace, to a height equal to that of the city walls. The terraces were piled thickly with earth and planted with flowers and pleasant groves in mimicry of natural scenery. There were shaded walks and cool bowers, while fountains sprang among the flowers, the water carried to this elevation by means of hydraulic machinery.

A Pawned Crown.

THE press dispatches recently told this story: King Carlos, of Portugal, during his stay in London in connection with the funeral of Queen Victoria, received a loan from the King of England, and other members of the royal family, to enable him to take out of pawn the crown jewels of Portugal, which were pledged for four million dollars. Of these crown jewels, the most important was the crown, which is the most valuable from a pecuniary standpoint of any crown in the world, the precious stones with which the crown is set being estimated at the immense sum of six million dollars. The crown, with other crown jewels, has been in pawn in London for many years.

It seems strange for a king to put his crown in pawn, but, after all, there are plenty of Americans who are doing the same thing. Every man who yields to sin has pawned the crown of his manhood. There is an earnest scriptural appeal which says, "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—*Current Anecdotes*.

A Little of Everything.

HAVANA, Cuba, has enjoyed unusual freedom from yellow fever this year. The army health officers attribute the immunity to their vigorous campaign against mosquitoes.

SOME curiosities of the recent census are coming to light. The population of Rhode Island shows thirty-one per cent of foreign-born inhabitants, nearly one third of the whole. An equal number are of foreign parentage. South Carolina reports a population containing very few foreigners. Over fifty-eight per cent of her people are negroes.

THE earliest stained-glass windows of which there is any record were those of the Church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, about thirteen centuries ago. The oldest windows of colored glass still in existence are those of the monastery of Tegernsee, in Bavaria. They are crudely colored pieces of glass set in lead. They date from the tenth century.

AMONG the small trades of Paris are enumerated the following occupations: Fruit sellers, flower sellers, bird sellers, chestnut sellers, "coco" sellers (this coco is a drink compounded of water, lemon, and licorice), old clothes buyers, porcelain menders, barrel buyers, goat milkmen, porters, tap menders, glaziers, "fakirs" who sell the novelty of the day, poster carriers, ragpickers.

The Sunday School.

Lesson VIII.—November 24.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON.—Isa. 5. 8-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine.*—Isa. 5. 22.

HOME READINGS.

Mon. Temperance Lesson. Isa. 5. 8-19.
Tu. Temperance Lesson. Isa. 5. 20-30.
Wed. Nadab and Abihu. Lev. 10. 1-11.
Th. Source of woe. Isa. 28. 1-7.
Fri. Caution. Prov. 4. 14-27.
Sat. Reward and punishment. Matt. 24. 42-51.
Sun. Children of light. 1 Thess. 5. 4-11.

THE picture which the prophet gives us here of the condition of the people of his day is an awful one. He pronounces a series of woes on the people for their violation of certain fundamental facts, and the first one is a

WOE ON GREED.

Under the picture of men who are greedy to acquire land, who join house to house and field to field till the poor are squeezed out of any plot or home, or, to use the very expressive phrase of the prophet, "till there be no place" for them, is shown the restless and tireless covetousness of men. It is not that it is wrong to own rich fields and productive orchards, but rather that our desire for these things freezes our natural helpful and humane feelings and makes us indifferent to the suffering and privation around us. How many wealthy people are there who refrain from building fine houses and possessing great estates because of the almost countless poor who have only hovels and garrets in which to live? The desire to get makes misers, and misers are in their way as intemperate as any other class of men, for they give soul and body for the acquiring of the things they covet.

THE WOE ON SQUANDERING.

There is another woe pronounced by Isaiah, and it is on dissipating indulgence. It is strange but these two things always go along side by side. Some are possessed with the sharpest desire to acquire, and others with an equally strong desire to scatter what they have. It is these that we usually term intemperate, and it is these that the description of the prophet fits as perfectly to-day as when it was written. The wild carousals and drunken orgies are still as ever the result of inflaming wine. What can we do to make the evil of this dark curse less? And is there anything that will cure it? Such questions as these are often asked and all sorts of answers given.

For us there is just one answer to both of these questions, and that is this: We are all young and know but little of the power of appetite, but we can resolutely resolve never to permit ourselves, under any pressure, to touch liquor or beer, and to do all we can to keep our young associates therefrom. In that way we can educate a generation of total abstainers who shall be anything but recruits for the gin-shop.

It is needless to cite illustrations of those who have yielded to the desire of friends, and have drank, only to lose honor, position, friends, everything, for such illustrations can be supplied on every side. What is needed is to get each one of our growing youth to steer clear of all forms of such indulgence as they would avoid contagious disease.

A Sunday School Offering.

A MISSIONARY conducting a service once at one of the villages in Bengal, announced that there would be a thanksgiving service on the next Sunday, and everybody would be expected to bring something for the collection. In the village there was a boarding school, and the little girls who lived there were in great trouble because they had nothing to give to the collection, which was for the famine in India. At last they determined to speak to their teacher about it. When they did so, she told them that if they took anything it must be something of their very own, something that they could give up for Christ's sake. The little girls went away again to talk it over among themselves. Presently they came back again, and asked their teacher if she would give each one of them only half the quantity of rice which they usually had for breakfast, and let them take the other half for the collection. Their teacher consented, and when Sunday morning came, each girl, having eaten half of her breakfast, was given the other half to take to chapel for the collection. That is the sort of giving that counts.

The Epworth League.

Thoughts on the Prayer Meeting Topic.

NOVEMBER 24.—*Thanksgiving.*—Isa. 25. 1-8.

"O LORD, thou art my God; I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name; for thou hast done wonderful things!" This is the cry of the thankful soul as, looking back over the year, it remembers the goodness of God. There is so much to incite gratitude; and the grateful heart sings:

"We thank thee, gracious Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seedtime and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts."

For some of us the year has been full of sunshine. The birds have sung and the flowers have bloomed all through the months; and friends have smiled upon us. How full of thankfulness such lives should be! How large should be the supplies of joy and strength stored up in the soul for coming days of need! How overflowing all such lives should be toward other lives all about them! The happy souls should be the liberal souls.

But to others the year has brought sad changes. Clouds have darkened their sky; disappointments have saddened the heart; the world seems so different from what it did just one year ago! But even so, is there no room for thanksgiving? Has no light from heaven given the clouds a silver lining? Have no sweet promises sustained the disappointed heart? If Christ has been present in the midst of the changes surely his love has made the life rich; and the most bereaved child of God can echo the words of the old prophet: "Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat." Christ has been as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." And, so, often the most sorrowful are the ones who have most to be thankful for; for they have learned the richest lessons. They can look up into the Father's face, and say:

"Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee."

There is not one of us but has to-day cause for deep thanksgiving. We all should feel with the psalmist: "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." And it is well for us to "count up our mercies;" to think of the way in which the Lord has led us; and to have, all day, in our hearts and on our lips a song of praise to God.

And there is another way in which we may show our gratitude, and that is by letting the sunlight that is in our souls overflow into the souls of others. Can we help to make some one else thankful, by some gift or message or word of cheer? This is the day for remembering the poor; for preparing glad feasts for little children who are destitute; for letting the gladness of our home life make glad other homes that are in shadow. And we are defrauding ourselves of half the benefit of the glad Thanksgiving time if we are not helping to make some other life better and brighter. The happiness that we give is the happiness that will abide for us. The selfish soul can never have any real thanksgiving. Has God given you a song? Go out and sing it for another. Has he surrounded you with the good things of this world? Share them with the unfortunate, and make them to rejoice. Are you living in the sympathy of loving friends? Then go forth to be a friend to the friendless. So shall your life be filled with songs of thanksgiving.

And our reference verses suggest gratitude for future hopes and joys. We are pilgrims, journeying ever onward. These Thanksgiving seasons are as so many milestones marking our way. And, one day, we shall reach the land of perpetual thanksgiving; the land where no shadows enter, where no disappointments come, where we shall rejoice forevermore. Do you notice how wonderful is the promise in Isaiah?—"He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces. . . . And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; . . . we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." Let us go forward with gladness as we face the light that is shining upon us from our Father's house; and may Thanksgiving songs accompany us all the way!

Leader's Notes on Junior League Topics.

TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER.—"GOD'S GIFTS."

NOVEMBER 24.—*Our Return for God's Mercies.*—Psa. 116. 12-14.

A SOLDIER boy came home from Cuba two years ago so changed that no one but his mother knew him. He weighed less than a hundred pounds, and he was bent over with weakness so that it was hard to believe that when he went away he was nearly six feet tall and weighed one hundred and sixty pounds. His mind was weak as well as his body, and friends said, "It will be better if he does not live, he is so changed and enfeebled." But his mother said, "He is my boy, my only son, and I will give up everything else in my effort to save his life." So she set to work in good earnest. She fed him as she had done when he was a baby. She bathed and rubbed him, and put him in a child's cart and drew him up and down in the sunshine.

For months this patient work went on, and at first it seemed as if all the mother's toil would be in vain; but she persevered, feeling well repaid that her boy was still with her. At last, after four months, the gain began to be more rapid. The young man began to walk again, feebly, and leaning on his mother's arm. He began to remember old times and old friends, and his mother saw with joy that his mind was coming back to him. A full year passed before he was well again, a year that whitened that mother's hair and weakened her frame, but the battle was won. The strong, handsome fellow stood with erect form and healthy color, and mind and body were restored.

What could that son do to show his gratitude to his mother? Just what he is doing—he is making the most of himself that is possible. He received the appointment as a cadet at West Point, and for one year he has been making a fine record. His mother has not seen him, but how she has prized his letters home, and how happy each one has made her, as she has realized that the life she helped to save is going to be of some value in the world.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people." God has done more for every one of us than that mother did for her son. She watched over him night and day for one year, but God has watched over us every moment since we were born. He has given us air to breathe, water to drink, abundant food to eat, clothes to wear, a home to shelter us, kind friends to comfort us, and angel messengers to attend our footsteps. In return he only desires to see us walking in right paths, and making the most of ourselves in mind and body and soul.

When you bring a good report home from school, and show it to mother, you know she is pleased; but did you ever think that God is pleased too? When you run and play and work and grow strong in body your father feels proud of you, and your heavenly Father also is well pleased that you are increasing in stature and in bodily health. When you do right because it is right, and because you want to please God, you are making the best return possible for his gifts to you.

Jesus tells us that what we do for the poor, the sick, the prisoner, and the unfortunate we do for him. Thanksgiving Day is coming very soon, and it may be there are some who live near us who will have no Thanksgiving dinner unless we carry it to them. Do you not think that if Jesus was here in our town this week we should invite him to our house to dinner on Thanksgiving Day? He says, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." Let us ask our mothers and friends to give us good things for the poor, and let us gladden their hearts by carrying them a share of the blessings God has given us.

"There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew
As our journey we pursue,
O, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by!

"All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by.
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by."

THE words of the good are like a staff in a slippery place.—*Hindu Saying.*



Answered Prayers.

IN the city of Albuquerque, in the Territory of New Mexico, is Harwood Home, one of the schools of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Five dollars a month supports a girl in the Home, but even this many fathers cannot pay, and so the girls must grow up without any school help unless money comes from some one else.

I want to tell you about one of the girls in this Home. We will call her Nita, though that is not her real name. She is one of the younger girls, and she came to the Home two years ago. All through the summer vacation the teachers had been asking God to send them more scholars, so that they could be doing more good. The Home was not very large—they knew the dining-room could not hold more girls. But they said, "We will put long tables into the hall, and then we can take forty girls."

God answered their prayers so quickly that when the first of September came fifty-eight girls were ready for school. Fifty-eight, and only room for forty! There was no way but to put a table into the kitchen. This was not very comfortable, but they did not mind that if they could help the girls.

Nita was among the number—a shy little thing, so timid that she hid her face when anyone spoke to her. But she was bright and quick to learn, and soon she began to love the school and the teachers. When her father wrote about her coming, he said, "I think I can pay one dollar a month for her." The teachers wrote back, "We will let her come, and try to find some one who can pay the other four dollars." But when the time to pay came the father said, "I am very sorry, but I can't get any money, and so can't send anything to pay for Nita's teaching, and if she comes home in vacation she cannot go back, for there will not be any money for car fare."

Do you wonder that the teachers began to wonder, when such messages came, where they should get the money to pay for food and clothing for so many girls?

Of course they told God about it, and then they began to write to all their friends. And after a little while boxes of clothing, and boxes of groceries, and money began to come, and at the end of the year every bill was paid, and not one of the girls was sent home because they could not afford to keep her.

So God answered that prayer. But there was another thing the dear missionaries wanted—wanted it even more than they wanted food and clothing for the girls. So they asked God to send his Holy Spirit and show the girls what it meant for them to be real Christians. And one day, after they had been praying very earnestly for this, Nita came to Miss B., and said:

"I want to be a Christian."

Miss B. talked with her about it, and then they knelt to pray, and this was Nita's prayer:

"O Lord, you've promised to forgive my sins. You've told us in your word you would make me know you'd forgiven my sins. Now I've come."

Do you know that when a soul really and truly says, "Now, Lord, I've come," that God always answers the prayer? Nita found that out, for very soon she rose from her knees and said, "Now I know that God has forgiven my sins."

Others began to ask, "What do you mean by being converted?" and they learned to know it for themselves, so that when school closed every one of the girls was trying the best she knew how to be a real Christian.

Wasn't that a blessed answer to prayer? And isn't it worth while to help such a school? I wonder if there is not some Sunday school class or some Epworth League that would like to give five or ten dollars—or less or more—to help support a girl in Harwood Home? If there is you can do so by sending the money to the treasurer of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, Mrs. George H. Thompson, 2144 Fulton Avenue, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FLORA.
Cactus hedge.
A lily patch containing a quarter of a million bulbs.

Keep Clean.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

1. *Keep your scalp clean*, if you would think quickly, truly, and with the least possible wear and tear of gray matter.

2. *Keep the mouth clean*—not only the teeth, tongue, and tissues, but the language; "for out of it are the issues of life and death." Clean teeth will help digestion, and that helps all departments of your personal Board of Health.

3. *Keep the eyes clean*. They need washing daily, and with plenty of cold water. This strengthens them, and helps retain the sight when that of others who have neglected this has faded. Warm water, too, if there is an accumulation of dust, soot, or cinders from travel, is good; but wind up all warm water bathing of the eyes with a cold douche, to restore the relaxed muscles which the warm water has caused.

4. *Keep the nose clean*, inside to the extreme back, by snuffing cold water from the hand when you take your daily bath. This will help prevent catarrh, help cure it, and make the inner tissues capable of resisting disease.

5. *Keep the ears clean*, by washing with a damp, thin cloth on the tip of the finger which will go in farthest. Do this daily—but it is not desirable to take in the Atlantic Ocean through the ears. In fact, no water should be allowed to penetrate within that inner temple. It will injure the "drum." And of all things, don't insert a metal cleaner of any kind, any sooner than you would use it to clean the finest gauze that you ever saw.

6. *Keep the hands clean*—this, too, as much from an altruistic regard for the other people who must see them as for your own comfort and convenience. Meal, cold boiled potatoes, a good soap, are all good cleansers, in connection with warm water, and that thoroughly rinsed off with cold.

7. *Keep the feet clean*, if you would walk easily, rapidly, and with but little fatigue. This cannot be done short of a daily bath, and it may require several!

8. *Keep the skin clean*, and that on the inside of the body as well as the outside covering, if you would keep well. No one lets garbage accumulate in the cellar; yet many people seem to think that the body does not need a thorough housecleaning every day, while there is really nothing that needs more (and more careful) attention, or greater regularity, if you want good health. Imagine the refuse which you are carrying about from undigested food, or the dregs of what has been digested! Ugh! Do get rid of it, promptly, regularly, and thoroughly!

9. *Keep the clothing clean*. It's economical, as well as hygienic, and makes you twice as attractive as you are if untidily garbed. Don't let dust, or dirt of any kind, accumulate in any of your personal belongings.

10. *Keep the mind clean*. Read good books, (and these need not necessarily be dull!) think clean thoughts, and strive for that purity of heart which is exemplified by purity of life, by deeds as well as by words, by body as well as by conversation. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and I sometimes think that it is a very part of godliness. A grimy skin, blackened and decayed teeth, dull eyes, etc., do not seem Christianlike, in a Christian land, where water has been provided in so great abundance.

In the Dog's Cemetery.

IN the suburbs of London is a dog cemetery, kept by a Mr. Binbridge, who makes quite a bit of money in caring for the last resting place of the canine pets of the wealthy. A visitor to the place gives some interesting particulars:

Mr. Binbridge keeps this spot like the apple of his eye, and no one can enter the little gate without his permission. He is both undertaker and sexton, and buries all the dogs himself. A few are put in plain wooden coffins, but the usual way is to sew them in canvas bags and then put them in the ground; the latter plan, I suppose, being the better one from a sanitary point of view. The duties which devolve upon Mr. Binbridge in connection with this work and his position as gatekeeper give him sufficient occupation, so that without hard work an old and faithful servant is able to pass his declining years in comfort. I copied a few of the inscriptions from the grave stones:

Here rests Our Loving Little Pickle.
24 April, 1894.

In Loving Memory of "Dandy," died
June 4, 1894. R. I. P.

"Darling Wisp. April 27, 1894. Faithful
unto death.

In Loving Memory of Dear Chin Chin.
A Perfect Dog. May 26, 1894.

Spot (Fox Terrier). Died at Richmond,
10th September, 1894. Loving Little
Friend and Constant Companion.

Bogey Church. Faithful unto death.

DICK's auntie had quite often bought him some tiny chocolate mice, which he liked very much, except for size. One day he sidled up to her coaxingly and said, "Auntie, next time you buy chocolate mice, won't you buy rats?"

Black Tom.

GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON'S stories of American war horses in *Our Animal Friends* mention Captain May's peerless coal-black steed "Tom," who was one of the equine heroes of our troops in Mexico. The horse was one of the most beautiful and spirited animals ever seen.

Captain May was of the dashing Custer type. At the head of his squadron of the Second United States Dragoons, he led a gallant charge against a Mexican battery in the battle of Resaca de la Palma, May 9, 1846, and leaping Tom over one of the guns captured General La Vega and the entire battery of six pieces. May enjoyed an unsurpassed military record for leaping with Tom, and, it is possible, one that has never been equalled in the hunting field, or even on the race course. The Hon. Francis Lawley, perhaps the highest British authority on the subject, gives thirty-four feet as the greatest distance ever covered by an English horse in a steeplechase or elsewhere. Black Tom jumped thirty-five feet on one occasion during the Mexican War, and three years later May attempted with a flying start of fifty yards to leap Tom across a canal thirty-six feet in width. They came thundering along at terrific speed, the jet black steed nearly seventeen hands high and May over six feet, sitting like a centaur. Tom gave a mighty jump, but fell short, and of course man and horse had a very sudden and exceedingly cold bath, for the attempt was made in mid-winter. For a leap over a cart loaded with a cord of wood standing in front of the City Hall the captain was fined in a Baltimore court. On another occasion the dashing cavalryman rode Tom up the steps of the leading hotel of that city, cavorted around and through several of the principal apartments, and then coolly rode out again, as if it was an ordinary, everyday occurrence. One who well remembers them assures the writer that it was a beautiful sight to see Captain May prancing along the streets of Baltimore on his magnificent Kentucky charger. Tom passed many tranquil years on a Maryland farm, where he was buried with military honors.

Photographing a Grizzly.

I SAID to my cowboy friend, "Do you know this bear?"

He replied, "Wall, I reckon he'll mind his own business, but he ain' scared o' nothing; and to-day ye see he's been scrapping, so he's liable to be ugly."

"I should like to take his picture," said I. "And if you will help me, I am willing to take some chances on it."

"All right," said he, with a grin. "I'll stand by on the horse, an' if he charges you I'll charge him, and I kin knock him down once, but I can't do it twice. You better have your tree picked out."

The grizzly came on, and I snapped him at forty yards, then again at twenty yards; and still he came quietly toward me. I sat down on the garbage and made ready. Eighteen yards, sixteen yards, twelve yards, ten yards, eight yards, and still he came, while the pitch of Johnny's protests kept rising proportionately. Finally at five yards he stopped and swung his huge, bearded head to one side to see what was making that aggravating row in the tree-top, giving me a profile view, and I snapped the camera. At the click he turned on me with a thundering growl, and I sat still and trembled, wondering if my last moment had come. For a second he glared at me, and I could note the little green electric lamp in each of his eyes. Then he slowly turned and picked up a large tomato can. "Goodness," I thought, "is he going to throw that at me?" But he deliberately licked it out, dropped it, and took another, paying henceforth no heed whatever either to me or Johnny, evidently considering us beneath his notice.—*Scribners*.

The House Lizard.

THE word "spider" in Prov. 30. 28, is rendered "lizard" in the Revised Version: "The lizard taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces." A correspondent writing to me from India one August said: "The lizard is very common inside the house at this time of the year. During the daytime they live behind the shelves and bookcases and go to sleep; but when the lamps are brought in at night, they wake up and run about all over the walls, catching moths and flies which are attracted by the flame. These little lizards are great favorites, and no one thinks of hurting them."

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